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From the Dispatch.

SONG OF THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

BY JAMES W. COFFROTH.

The song of the broken-hearted
How mournfully it swells!
As, ere youth's glow's departed,
Of blasted hopes it tells.
It tells of friends who've perished,
Of love that lured and blighted—
Of the false fair form he cherished,
Who broke the vows she plighted.

All Nature seems perverted,
And her mocking smiles but grieve—
So young and so deserted,
Why should he wish to live?
His dreams are but of Heaven,
Yet no comfort it bestows,
For the links of Love here riven,
Can never there re-close.

For 'twas earthly all, and tainted
With the savor of the earth—
But the love among the sainted,
From the Godhead has its birth.
Oh, 'tis life's chiefest error
To fix our hopes below—
'Tis this gives Death his terror
And deepens all our woe.

Then never, mortal, never
Thy thoughts to earth confine,
But fix thy longings ever
On things that are divine—
On God and blessed Nature,
On science and on art—
But never to a creature
Devote thy erring heart.

THE EXTRAORDINARY CONFESSION of Professor John W. Webster, of THE MURDER OF DOCTOR GEORGE PARKMAN.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, July 2.

At the meeting of the Council, this morning, the case of Professor Webster, was referred to a Committee.

Before the Committee, at 12 o'clock, appeared, Rev. Dr. Putnam, the spirtual adviser of the condemned, with a petition for the commutation of punishment, together with a confession that he killed Dr Parkman.

The Rev. gentleman prefaced the statement by a few remarks relative to the manner in which the confession was made to him. He stated that he had no personal acquaintanceship with Professor Webster before being called to act in the capacity of spiritual adviser. In the first few weeks of his visit he sought no acknowledgement of the prisoner. At length on the 23d of May, he visited him in his cell and demanded of him, for his own well being, that he should tell the truth in regard to the matter, and he acceded to the request by making a statement which was now submitted for the consideration of the Council. It was as follows:

I sent the note to Dr. Parkman, which it appears was carried by the boy Maxwell. I handed it to Littlefield unsealed. It was to ask Dr. Parkman to call at my rooms on Friday the 23d, after my lecture. He had become of late very importunate for his pay. He had threatened me with a suit, to put an officer into my house, and to drive me from my professorship, if I did not pay him. The purport of my note was simply to ask the conference. I did not tell him in it what I could do or what I had to say about the payment. I wished to gain for those few days a release from his solicitations, to which I was liable every day on occasions and in a manner very disagreeable, and also to avert for so long a time, at least, the fulfilment of recent threats of severe measures. I did not expect to be able to pay him when Friday should arrive. My purpose was, if he should accede to the proposed interview, to state to him my embarrassments, and utter inability to pay him at present, to apologize for those things in my conduct which had offended him, to throw myself upon his mercy, and to beg for further time and indulgence for the sake of my family, if not for my own, and to make as good promises to him as I could have any hope of keeping. I did not hear from him on that day or the next (Wednesday,) but I found on Thursday he had been abroad in pursuit of me without finding me. I imagined he had forgotten the appointment, or else did not mean to wait for it. I feared he would come in upon me at my lecture room or while I was preparing my experiments for it—therefore I called at his house that morning, (Friday) between eight and nine o'clock, to remind him of my wish to see him at the College at quarter past one o'clock—my lecture closing at one o'clock. I did not stop to talk to him, for I expected the conversation would be a long one, and I had my lecture to prepare, for it was necessary for me to have my time and also to keep my mind free from other exciting matters.

Dr. Parkman agreed to call on me as I proposed. He came accordingly between 1½ and 2 o'clock, entering at the lecture room door. I was engaged in removing some glasses from my lecture-room table into the room in the rear called the upper laboratory; he came rapidly down the step and followed me into the laboratory; he immediately addressed me with great energy, "Are you ready for me, sir—have you got the money?" I replied, "No, Dr. Parkman," and was then beginning to state my condition and my appeal to him, but he would not listen to me, and interrupted me with much vehemence; he called me scoundrel and liar, and went on heaping on me the most bitter taunts and opprobrious epithets; while he was speaking he drew a handful of papers from his pocket and took from them my two notes, and also an old letter from Dr. Hossack, written many years ago, and congratulating him on his success in getting me appointed Professor of Chemistry. "You see," he said, "I got you into your office, and now I will get you out of it." He put back into his pocket all the papers except the letter and the notes; I cannot tell how long the torrent of threats and invectives continued, and I cannot recall to memory but a small portion of what he said.

At first I kept interposing, trying to pacify him, so that I might obtain he object for which I sought the interview, but I could not stop him, and soon my own temper was up; I forgot everything, and felt nothing but the sting of his words. I was excited to the highest degree of passion, and while he was speaking and gesticulating in the most violent and menacing manner, thrusting the letter and his fist into my face, in my fury I seized whatever thing was handiest, (it was a stick of wood,) and dealt him an instantaneous blow with all the force that passion could give it. I did not know, or think, or care where I should hit him, nor how hard nor what the effect would be; it was on the side of the head, and there was nothing to break the force of the blow; he fell instantly upon the pavement; there was no second blow; he did not move; I stooped down over him, and he seemed to be lifeless; blood flowed from his mouth, and I got a sponge and wiped it away; I got some ammonia and applied it to his nose, but without effect; perhaps I spent in ten minutes in attempts to resuscitate him, but I found he was absolutely dead; in my horror and consternation I ran instinctively to the doors and bolted them—the doors of the lecture room and of the laboratory below; and then what was I to do? It never occurred to me to go out and declare what had been done, and obtain assistance, I saw nothing but the alternative of a successful movement and concealment of the body on the one hand, and of infamy and distruction on the other. The first thing I did, as soon as I could do anything, was to draw the body into the private room adjoining, where I took off the clothes and began putting them into the fire, which was burning in the upper laboratory; they were all consumed there that afternoon, with papers, pocket-book and whatever they contained. I did not examine the pockets nor remove anything except the watch. I saw that, or the chain of it, hanging out. I took it and threw it over the bridge as I went to Cambridge. My next move was to get the body into the sink which stands in the small private room, by setting the body partially erect against the corner, and by getting up into the sink myself. I succeeded in drawing it up there; it was entirely dismembered; it was quickly done, as a work of terrible and desperate necessity. The only instrument was the knife found by the officers in the tea chest, which I kept for cutting corks. I made no use of the Turkish knife, as it was called at the trial; that had long been kept on my parlor mantelpiece in Cambridge, as a curious ornament. My daughters frequently cleaned it, hence the marks of oil and polishing found on it. I had lately brought it into Boston to get the silver sheath repaired.

While dismembering the body a stream of Cochituate water was running through the sink carrying off the blood in a pipe that passed down through the lower laboratory. There must have been a leak in the pipe for the ceiling below was stained immediately around it.

There was a fire burning in the furnace of the lower laboratory; Littlefield was mistaken in thinking there had never been a fire there; he had probably never kindled one, but I had done it myself several times; I had done it that day for the purpose of making oxygen gas; the head and viscera were put into that furnace that day, and fuel heaped on; did not examine at night to see to what degree they were consumed; some of the extremities were put in there, I believe, on that day. The pelvis and some of the limbs, perhaps, were all put under the lid of the lecture room table, in what is called the well, a deep sink lined with lead; a stream of Cochituate was turned into it and kept running through it all Friday night; the thorax was put into a similar well in the lower laboratory which I filled with water and threw in a quantity of potash which I found there. This disposition of the remains was not changed till after the visit of the officers on Monday. When the body had been thus all disposed of, I cleared away all traces of what had been done.

I think the stick with which the fatal blow had been struck proved to be a piece of the stump of a large grape vine—say two inches in diameter and two feet long. It was one of several pieces which I had carried in from Cambridge long before for the purpose of showing the effect of certain chemical fluids in coloring wood by being absorbed into the pores; the grape vine being a very porous wood was well adapted to this purpose. Another longer stick had been used as intended and exhibited to the students; this one had not been used—I put it into the fire.

I took up the two notes either from the table or the floor, I think the table, close by where Dr. P. had fallen; I seized an old metallic pen lying on the table, dashed it across the face and through the signatures, and put them in my pocket; I do not know why I did this rather than put them in the fire, for I had not considered for a moment what effect either mode of disposing of them would have on the mortgage, or my indebtedness to Dr. P. and the other persons interested, and I had not yet given a single thought to the question as to what account I should give of the objects or result of my interview with Dr. Parkman; I never saw the sledge hammer spoken of my Littldfield—never knew of its existence—at least I have no recollection of it; I left the College to go home as late as six o'clock; I collected myself as well as I could, that I might meet my family and others with composure. On Saturday I visited my rooms at the College, but made no change in the disposition of the remains, and laid no plans as to my future course; on Saturday evening read the notice in the *Transcript* respecting the disappearance; I was then deeply impressed with the necessity of immediately taking some ground as to the character of my interview with Parkman, for I saw that it must become known that I had such an interview, as I had appointed it first by an unsealed note on Tuesday, and on Friday I had myself called at his house in open day and ratified the arrangement, and had there been seen, and had probably been overheard by the man-servant, and I knew not by how many persons Dr P. might have been seen entering my room, or how many persons he might have told by the way where he was going; the interview would in all probability be known, and I must be ready to explain it.'

The question exercised me much, but on Sunday my course was taken. I would go into Boston to and be the first to declare myself the person as yet unknown with whom Dr. P. had made the appointment; I would take the ground that I had invited him to the College to pay him money, and that I had paid it accordingly. I fixed upon the sum by taking the small note and adding interest, which, it appears, I cast erroneously. If I had thought of this course earlier I should not have deposited Pettee's check for $90 in the Charles River Bank on Saturday, but should have suppressed it as going so far make up the sum which I was to have professed to have pain the day before, and which Pettee knew I had by me at the hour of interview. It had not occurred to me that I should over show the notes cancelled in proof of it, or I should have destroyed the large note and let it be inferred that it was gone with the missing man, and I should only have kept the small one, which was all that I could pretend to have paid. My single thought was concealment and safety—everything else was incidental to that. I was in no state to consider my ulterior pecuniary interest—money; though I needed it so much it was of no account with me in that condition of mood. If I had designed and premediated the homicide of Dr. Parkman in order to get the possession of the notes and cancel my debt. I not only should not have deposited Pettee's check the next day, but I should have made some show of getting and having the money the morning before. I should have drawn my money from the Bank and taken occasion to mention to the Cashier that I had a sum to make up on that day for Dr. P. and the same to Hanchman when I borrowed the $10. I should have remarked that I was so much short of a large sum that I was to pay Parkman. I borrowed the money from Henchman as mere pocket money for the day. If I had intended the homicide of Dr. P. I should not have made the appointment with him twice, and each time in so open a manner that other persons would almost certainly know of it, and I should not have invited him to my rooms at an hour when the College would be full of students and others, and an hour when I was most likely to receive calls from others; for that was the hour just after the lecture, at which persons having business with me or my rooms, were always directed to call. I looked into my rooms on Sunday afternoon, but did nothing. After the first visit of the officers I took the pelvis and some of the limbs from the upper well and threw them into the vault under the privy. I took the thorax from the well below and packed it in the tea chest as found. My own impression has been that this was not done till after the second visit of the officers, which was on Tuesday; but Kingsley's testimony shows that it must have been done sooner. The perforation of the thorax had been made by the knife at the time of removing the viscera.

On Wednesday, I put on kindlings and made a fire in the furnace below, having first poked down the ashes. Some of the limbs—I cannot remember which or how many—were consumed at that time. This is the last I had to do with the remains. The tin box was designed to receive the thorax, though I had not concluded where I should finally put the box. The fish hooks, tied up as grapples, were to be used in drawing up the parts in the vault, whenever I should determine how to dispose of them, and get strains enough. I had a confused double object in ordering the box and making the grapples. I had before intended to get such things to send to Fayal—the box to hold the plants and other articles which I wished to protect from the salt water and the sea air, and the hooks to be used there in obtaining Cerralliner plants from the sea. It was this previously intended use of them that suggested and mixed itself with the idea of the other application. I doubt even now to which use they would have been applied; I had not used the hooks at the time of the discovery. The tan put into the tea chest was taken from a barrel of it that had been in the laboratory for some time; the bag of tan brought in on Monday, was not used; it belonged to a quantity obtained by me a long time ago, for experiments in tanning, and was sent in by the family to get it out of the way. Its being just sent in at that time was accidental. I was not aware that I had put my knife in the chest; the stick found in the saucer of ink was for marking coarse diagrams on cloth; the bunch of filed keys had been used long ago by me in Front Street, and thrown carelessly in a drawer; I never examined them, and do not know whether they would fit any of the locks of the College or not; if there were other keys fitting doors with which I had nothing to do, I suppose they must been all duplicates, or keys of former locks, left there by the mechanics or janitor; I know nothing about them, and should never be likely to notice them among the multitudes of articles, large and small, of all kinds, collected in my rooms; the Janitor had furnished me with a key to the dissecting room, for the admission of medical friends visiting the College, but I had never used it. The nitrate acid on the stairs was not used to remove spots of blood, but was dropped by accident.

When the officers called on me on Friday, the 30th, I was in doubt whether I was under arrest or whether a more strict search of my rooms was to be had, the latter hypothesis being hardly less appalling than the former. When I found that we went over Cragie's Bridge, I thought the arrest most probable; when I found that the carriage was stopping at the jail, I was sure of my fate. Before leaving the carriage I took a dose of strychnine from my pocket and swallowed it. I had prepared it in the shape of a pill before I left my laboratory on the 23d. I thought I could not bear to survive detection. I thought it was a large dose The state of my nervous system probably defeated its action partially. The effects of the poison were terrible beyond description; it was in operation at the College, and before I went there, and most severely afterward. I wrote but one of the anonymous letters produced at the trial—the one nailed at East Cambridge. The little bundle referred to in the letter detained by the jailor, conlained only a bottle of nitric acid for domestic use. I had seen it stated in a newspaper that I purchased a quantity of oxalic acid, which it was presumed was to be used in removing blood stains. I wish the parcel to be kept untouched that it may be shown, if there should be occasion, what it really was that I had purchased. I have drawn up in separate papers an explanation of the use I intended to make of the blood sent for on Thursday, the 23d, and of the conversation with Littlefield about the dissecting vault. I think that Pettee, in his testimony at the trial, put too strongly my words about having settled with Dr. P. Whatever I did say of the kind was in th the hope I should be able to pacify Dr. P. and make some arrangement with him, and was said in order to quiet Pettee, who was become restive, under the solicitation of Dr. Parkman. After Dr. Webster stated some of the facts recorded above on the 23d of May, this question, with all the earnestness, solemnity and authority of tone that Dr. Putnam was master of, was addressed him: Dr. Webster, in all probability your days are numbered, you cannot, you dare not speak falsely to me now; you must not die with a lie in your mouth—so prove to yourself that your repentance for the sins of your past life is sincere; tell me the truth then, a confidence to be kept secret during your lifetime and as much longer as my regard for the happiness of your family shall seem to me to require, and the interest of truth and justice to permit; search to the bottom of your heart for the history of your motives, and tell me, before God, did it ever occur to you before the decease of Dr. Parkman, that his death, if you could bring it to pass, would be of great advantage to you, or at least that personal injury to him might possibly be the result of your expected conference with him? As a dying man I charge you to answer me truly and exactly, or else be silent. Had you not such a thought? "No, never!" said he, with energy and feeling, "as I live, and as God is my witness, never! I was no more capable of such a thought than one of my innocent children; I never had the remotest idea of injuring Dr. P. until the moment the blow was struck.

Dr. P. was extremely severe and sharp, the most provoking of men, and I am irritible and passionate. A quick-handed and brief violence of temper has been a besetting sin of my life. I was an only child, much indulged, and I have never acquired the control over my passions that I ought to have acquired early, and the consequence is all this." But you notified Dr. Parkman to meet you at a certain hour, and told him, you would pay him, when you knew you had not the means? No, he replied, I did not tel him I would pay him, and there is no evidenceht I told him so, except my own words after his disappearance and after I had determined to take the ground that I had paid him, those words were a miserable tissue of falsehood to which I was committed from the moment I had begun to conceal the homicide. I never had a thought of injuring Dr. Parkman."

This was accompanied by the satement in which the Professor attempts to explain as to his seeing Littlefield, sending for blood, and of inquiring about gases from the vault.

After reading the statement Dr. Putnam proceeded to argue as to its truthfulness, saying that it was made when the writ of error was pending also, that Professor Webster's estate was worth several thousand dollars, and that he was not in such a strait as to commit such a crime deliberately.

The previous petition from Prof. Webster, protesting his innocence, ane praying for absolute pardon, he said was got up by his family, who were wavering in their belief in is innocence, until his confession was communicated to them about a week since.

He concluded in asserting his belief that the confession was true. Members of the Council retained a copy of the petition previously presented, and withdrawn by the advice of Dr. Putnam, which will probably be published. It asserts his snnocence, and it also asserts that Littlefield, or some other person, placed the remains in his room to compass his ruin.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

BY LAURIE TODD.

In New York, in 1796, my store was in Maiden lane, within three doors of the store of John Mowatt, an extensive dealer in shoes. His foreman was John Pelsure, who sat behind the counter, stitching shoes and waiting on customers as they steppen in. One day a corpse was found in the dock, at the foot of the street. The coroner took the jurymen from the neighborhood, and among them John Mowatt and his foreman John Pelsue. The corpse lay on a table in the centre of the room.

Some of the jurymen remarked that as soon as John Pelsue looked on the corpse he started, turned pale, and looked as if going to faint. He rallied, however, but his subsequent movements occasioned some curious remarks. The jury having rendered a verdict of death by drowning, were discharged. Mowatt turned round to look for his foreman, but, behold, he was not there. He stepped out of doors and saw him high up the street, on a half run, when he quickly turned a corner.—All sorts of inquiries were made, but nothing could be heard of him. This with his turning pale at the first view of the corpse, occasioned some surprise among the jurors for many days afterwards. John Mowatt was a bacelor of thirty five, and Pelsue had seen about thirty summers.

On a certain day, about a month thereafter, a lady in deep mourning stepped into Mowatt's store and asked for a pair of shoes. While John was trying how the shoes fitted, the lady enquired—

"You had a man in your store, John Pelsue by name—what is become of him?"

"Yes," says Mowatt, "but what has become of him I would give a good deal to learn." He then related the story as above stated

"Strange," replied the lady. "And you have not seen him since."

"Never."

"Yes you have seen him," replied the lady.

"I certainly,', said Mowatt, "would not contradict a lady of your appearance; but I have not seen him to my knowledge."

"Well, then," says she, "I am John Pelsue; and that subject on whom we held the jury was the corpse of my husband.—My family name is Randall. I was born in Philadelphia. I married (against the wishes of my parents) John Conner, a sober, industrious man, by trade a shoemaker. We lived happy for two years. He took to drinking, and neglected his business, and once struck me, while in liquor. We had no family, so I resolved while we were stitching shoes together, to learn his trade and leave him. I soon made a passable shoe, when I assumed male attire, came to New York, and you gave me work as a journeyman. The rest you know."

John told the present narrator, some days after, that on hearing this he was dumb founded.

"Well, madam," says John, "what are your plans for the future?"

Says she "I have not formed any plan."

"Well," says John, "I liked you as a journeyman, and when my foreman, I was pleased; suppose we go into partnership for life!

In forty-eight hours thereafter they were married. She was a fine looking woman, and might have passed for twenty-five.

This, perhaps is the first instance on record of a woman's sitting as coroner's jury man on the corpse of her husband.—The above is a simple tale of truth. I was witness to all the facts.

Newspapers.

A man eats up a pound of sugar, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended; but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up in the mind, to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man or two men; it is the wisdom of the age, of past ages too. A family without a newspaper is always half an age behind the times, in general information; besides they never think much or find much to think about. And there are the little ones growing up in ignorance without a taste for reading.

Besides all these evils, there's the wife, who, when her work is done, has to sit down with her hands in her lap, and nothing to amuse her mind from the toils and cares of the domestic circle. Who then would be without a newspaper—*Benj. Franklin*.

A Short Fire-side Story.

One evening a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the wayside, near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took a loaf of bread, which he had bought in the town, and broke it, and gave the half to his boy. 'No father,' said the boy, 'I shall not eat till after you. You have been working all day for small wages to support me, and you must be very hungry I shall wait till you are done.' 'You speak kindly my son,' replied the pleased father; 'your love to me does more good than my food, and those eyes of your dear mother who is left us, and told you to love me as she used to do; and indeed, my boy, have been a great strength and comfort to me; but now that I have eat the first morsal to please you, it is your turn now to eat'—Thank you father; but break this piece in two, and take you a little more; for you see the loaf is not large, and you require much more than I do.' I shall divide the loaf for you, but eat I shall not; I have abundance and let us thank God for His goodness in giving us food, and giving what is better still, cheerful and contented hearts. He who gave us the living bread from heaven, to nourish our immortal souls, how shall He not give us all other food that is necessary to support our moral bodies!' The father and son thanked God, and then began to cut the loaf in pieces, to begin their frugal meal. But as they cut one portion of the loaf, there fell out several large pieces of gold of great value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father. 'My son! my son! 'do not touch that money; it is not ours! I know not, as yet, to whom it belongs; but probably it was put there by the baker through mistake. We must inquire, run.' 'But father, father,' interrupted the boy, 'you are poor and needy, and you bought the loaf, and then the baker may tell a lie, and'—'I will not listen to you, my boy, I bought the loaf, but did not buy the gold in it. If the baker sold it to me in ignorance, I shall not be so dishonest as to take advantage of him. Remember him who told us to do to others, as we would have others to do to us. The baker may possibly cheat us, but that is no reason why we should cheat him. I am poor indeed, but that is no sin. If we share the poverty of Jesus, God's own son, O, let us share his goodness and his trust in God.—We may never be rich, but we may always be honest. We may die of starvation, but God's will be done in doing it! Yes my boy, trust God and walk in his ways, and you never shall be put to shame. Now run for the baker, and I will stay and watch the gold till he comes.' So the boy run for the old man. 'Brother workman, said the old man, you have made some mistake, and almost lost your money;' and he showed the baker the gold, and told him how it had been found. 'It is thine?' asked the father 'if it is, take it away.' 'My father, baker is very poor, and'—Silence, my child; put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this man from losing his money.' The baker had been looking alternately upon the honest father and his boy, and upon the gold that lay glittering upon the green turf. 'Thou art indeed an honest fellow,' said the baker, 'and our neighbor, David spoke but the truth when he said that thou were the honestest man in our town. Now I shall tell thee about the gold. A stranger came in my shop the other day and gave me that loaf, and he told me to sell it cheaply, or give it away to the honestest poor man in the city. I told David to send thee to me; as a customer, this morning; and as thou wouldst not take the loaf for nothing, I sold it to thee for the last pence in thy purse; and the loaf with all its treasure—and certain it is not small—is thine; and God grant thee a blessing with it!' The poor father bent his head to the ground, while, the tears fell from his eyes. His boy ran and put his hand round his neck, and said, 'I shall always like you, my father; trust God, and do what is right, for I am sure it will never put us to shame.—*Edinburg Chr. Magazine.*

WAKE UP! WAKE UP!

Not a very courteous summons perhaps but a very timely one. It is high time to awake, and the most of us are asleep, and soundly.

God calls us to awake. He speaks in his word loudly and clearly. He speaks by his Spirit, gently, but with power. He speaks by his providence solemn and freely are the calls. Awake, thou that sleepest.

The Church calls us to awake. She needs our aid. We help her not at all when we are asleep. But she needs us now. Her foes are many. Her danger is great. She is beset without and within, and every man who loves her interests should be up and doing.

The world implores us to awake. The world is perishing. There are hundreds of millions abroad; there are hundreds at our door, perishing in misery and sin; for whose salvation we should be concerned

Wake up to labor! There is much to be done. A city in flames would not require half the work that is demanded of us now for the world is in danger of eternal fire.—We ought to be at work—all hands and all hearts

Wake up to give. God requires it.—We must deny ourselves, and take up the cross; give our property; give our children give ourselves to the work which the Church and the world demand.

Wake up to pray! He who can bless and save will be required of to do this thing.—The Church is in danger, the country is in danger, the world is in danger. God alone can help. Let us wake up and pray.

MARRYING FOR LOVE.

In the "Police Cases" supplied the *Pennsylvanian* by the inimitable "W." we frequently find some excellent things. The following is not bad:

A shabby-genteel man, in rusty black, presented himself at the bar, with a face frightfully scarified, and a very woful expression of countenance. He gave the following touching history of his misfortunes:

"My name is Matthew Anderson. I am a dyer by trade, and do a very good business. I began to set up for myself in the year 1836; and, as soon as it was known I was getting along pretty well in the world, about forty girls, I suppose, seemed to be making a dead set at me. I could have had my pick or choice of about as fine a lot of feminines as ever trod on shoe-leather. They were constantly running to my shop, on pretence of getting their ribbons, shawls, dresses, petticoats, and so forth dyed; and many a thing they got dyed that didn't want dying at all—all for the sake of throwing themselves in my way But my heart was callous to assaults of Cupid; though some of the girls that ran after me this way, had lots of *pewter*, and one of their fathers was worth twenty thousand dollars at the lowest figure. She was a pretty good looking girl, too, except that she was lame of one leg, and had an impediment in her speech. But I just kept on steady; and not a gil could brag that she had made the least impression on me, till I was better than forty years old, and that was about two years ago; for, you see, I was afraid of them girls that seemed to be willing; and as I was a quiet man myself, I wanted a wife that was just the same thing; whereas most of the girls that hunted me, looked like they might be tartar and brimstone when they choosed to show out. But there was one, named Mary Ann Green, that looked as mild as a new potatoe; butter wouln't begin to melt in her mouth, I thought, though wasn't worth a copper, and hadn't a second suit to her back. So I fell madly in love with her, and married her before you could say "Jack Robinson!"—and what do you suppose was the result?"—Pausing for a reply, and finding that the question was too abstruse for immediate solution, Mr. Anderson removed a handkerchief with which his face was bandaged, and passing his fingers over several purple diagrams and lacerations of the cuticle, he added, "Skinned, sir; literary skinned! Her father was a currier, and this is the way she dresses my hide! Before we were married three days, she dropped the mask from her own face, and tore the best part of the skin from mine. Now, sir, I want to see if the law can protect me in my rights.

Mr. A. having received instruction to the effect that this was a family affair, in which the city authorities had no right to interfere, left the office with evident signs of discontent.

Woman's Patience.

How strange that the patience of Job should be considered so remarkable, when there are so many mothers in the world, whose patience equals, if it does not exceed his! What would Job have done had he been compelled to sit in the house and sew and knit, and nurse the children, and see that hundreds of different things were attended to during the day, and hear children cry, fret, and complain? Or how would he have stood it if like some poor women, he had been obliged to rear a family of ten of twelve children without help, spending months, years—all the prime of life—in washing, scouring, scrubbing, mending, cooking, nursing children, fastened to the house and his offspring from morning till night, and from night till morning, sick or well, in storm or sunshine, his nights often rendered miserable by watching over his children? How could he have stood all this, and, in addition to all other troubles, the curses, and even violence of a drunken companion? How could he have felt, after wearing out his very existness for his tender offspring, and a worthless companion; to be abused and blamed? Job endured his toils and losses very well for a short time, but they did not endure long enoug to test the length of patience. Woman tests her patience by a whole life of trials, and she does not grumble at her burdens. We are honestly of the opinion, that woman has more patience than Job; and, instead of saying, "The patience of Job," we should say, "The patience of women."

Parents and Children.

It was said that when the mother of Washington was asked how she formed the character of her son, she replied that she had early endeavored to teach him three things; obedience, diligence and truth. No better advice can be given by any parents. Teach your children to obey. Let it be the first lesson. You can hardly begin to soon. It requires constant care to keep up the habit of obedience, and especially to do it in such a way as not to break down the strength of the child's character. Teach your children to be diligent. The habit of being always employed is a great safe-guard through life, as well as essential to almost every virtue. Nothing can be foolisher than an idea which parents have, that it is not respectable to set their children at work. Play is a good thing; innocent recreation is an employment, and a child may learn to be diligent in that as in other things. But let them learn early to be useful. As to truth it is the one essential thing. Let everything else be sacrificed rather than that. Without it what dependence can you place in your child? And be sure to do nothing yourself which may coutenance any species of provarication or falsehood. Yet how many parents do teach their children the first lesson of deception.